

Part Four

Next morning, she was ready to leave by eight-thirty. Shortly after
nine her husband appeared. "Did you make any coffee?" he asked.
"No, dear. I thought you'd get a nice breakfast at the club. The
car is here. It's been waiting. I'm ready to go."
They were standing in the hall – they always seemed to be
meeting in the hall nowadays.
"Your luggage?"
"It's at the airport."
"Of course. And if you're going to take me to the club first, I
suppose we'd better get going fairly soon, hadn't we?"
"Yes," she cried. "Oh, yes – please!"
"I'm just going to get a few cigars. I'll be right with you. You get
in the car."
She turned and asked the chauffeur, "What time is it?"
"About nine-fifteen."
Mr Foster came out five minutes later and walked slowly down
the steps. As on the day before, he paused half-way down to sniff
the air and to examine the sky. The weather was still not quite clear,
but there was a wisp of sun coming through the mist.
"Perhaps you'll be lucky this time," he said.
"Hurry, please," she said to the chauffeur.
"Just a moment!" Mr Foster said suddenly. "Hold it a moment,
chauffeur, will you?"
"What is it, dear?" She saw him searching the pockets of his
overcoat.
"I had a little present I wanted you to take to Ellen," he said.
"Now, where on earth is it? I'm sure I had it in my hand as I came
down."
"I never saw you carrying anything. What sort of present?"
"A little box in white paper. I forgot to give it to you yesterday."
"I never saw any little box!" Mrs Foster cried. She began hunting
frantically in the back of the car.
Her husband continued searching through his pockets. "Con-
found it, I must've left it in my bedroom. I won't be a moment."
"Oh, please," she cried. "We haven't got time! Please leave it! You
can mail it. It's only one of those silly combs anyway. You're always
giving her combs."
"And what's wrong with combs, may I ask?" he said, furious that
she should have forgotten herself for once.
"Nothing, dear, I'm sure. But ..."
"Stay here!" he commanded. "I'm going to get it."
"Be quick, dear! Oh, please be quick."
She sat still, waiting and waiting. "Chauffeur, what time is it?"

nowadays nå for tiden / no for
tida
mist lett take, dis
frantically desperat, panisk
confound it søren!, pokker også!
comb [kəʊm] kam

"I make it nearly nine-thirty."
"Can we get to the airport in an hour?"
"Just about."

At this point, Mrs Foster suddenly spotted something white
down in the crack of the seat where her husband had been sitting.
She pulled out a small box, and she couldn't help noticing that it was
wedged down firm and deep, as though with the help of a pushing
hand.
"Here it is!" she cried. "I've found it. Oh dear, and now he'll be
up there forever searching for it! Chauffeur, quickly, run in and call
him down, will you please?"
The chauffeur hurried up to the door. "Door's locked," he
announced. "You got a key?"
"Yes – wait a minute." She began hunting madly in her purse. The
little face was screwed up tight with anxiety.
"Here it is! No – I'll go myself. It'll be quicker. I know where he'll
be."

Part Five

She hurried up to the front door and was about to turn the key
– and then she stopped. She stood there absolutely motionless – five,
six, seven, eight, nine, ten seconds, she waited. The way she was
standing there, with her body so tense, it seemed as though she were
listening for the repetition of some sound that she had heard from
inside the house.
Quite obviously she was listening. Now her ear was right up
against the door, and for still another few seconds she remained in
that position, trying, or so it seemed, to hear and to analyse these
sounds that were coming faintly from this place deep within the
house.
Then, all at once, she sprang to life again and came running back
down the steps.
"It's too late!" she cried to the chauffeur. "I can't wait for him, I
simply can't. I'll miss the plane. Hurry now, driver, hurry! To the
airport!"
Her expression had suddenly altered. There was no longer that
rather soft and silly look. A peculiar hardness had settled itself upon
the features. The little mouth, usually so flabby, was now tight and
thin, the eyes were bright and her voice carried a new note of
authority.
"Hurry, driver, hurry!"
"Isn't your husband travelling with you?" the man asked astonished.
"Certainly not! I was only going to drop him at the club. It won't
matter. He'll understand. He'll get a cab. Don't sit there talking,
man. Get going! I've got a plane to catch for Paris!"

spot få øye på / få auge på
wedge kile (fast)
screwed forvridd
anxiety engstelse, uro / angst, uro
motionless ubevegelig/urørleg
tense anspent, spent / oppspilt,
spent
obviously tydelig/tydeleg
remain bli værende / bli verande
faintly svakt, utydelig / svakt,
utydeleg
expression (ansikts)uttrykk
alter forandre
peculiar [pɪ'kju:liə] merkelig,
besynderlig / merkeleg,
besynderleg
settle bre seg / breie seg
features ansiktstrekk
flabby slapp, holdningsløs / slapp,
holdningslaus
astonished forundret/forundra

NB!